

## THE DAILY PUBLIC LEDGER

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## MILITARY SERVICE AND BUSINESS.

When discussion began about the means by which the United States army could be strengthened, it was at once recognized that perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way lies in the difficulty of adjusting the demands of military training to business life. Employers are loath to let their young men absent themselves from work to attend military camps. Young men are fearful that such absence would be an obstacle in the way of their business success.

However, the young man who takes a course of training with a militia organization, or should take one with the proposed continental army, would learn many things not taught in business offices. If he devotes himself to military work with energy and zeal, he should in due course of time attain some promotion, where he would be placed in command of a small squad of men. He would then get practice in a very valuable art, that of commanding men.

Many boys are sent to expensive military colleges and schools for costly courses, largely to acquire just this valuable gift. The ability to direct a body of men, command their respect, enforce prompt obedience and discipline, is a superb training in leadership. It develops self-confidence, ability to think quickly, meet emergencies. Many men fail in life for lack of just this group of qualities.

Whether or not a boy was promoted to any military command or not, he would find military service rewarding. The out-door life would give him physical vigor. The leadership of the alert and active men who come to the front in military life would be mentally stimulating. He would form pleasant associations and enjoy experiences far more interesting than those of ordinary town and business life. Business firms may at first be reluctant to see their young men absent on military duty. After they have seen how the fellows grow and develop under competent military training, they may compete with each other to get boys that have been through this discipline.

To make military work popular with the business community, encampments must be strictly conducted. There must be no dissipation, liquor and other vices must be strictly banished, and the men must return showing in their physical vigor that the life has been wholesome in all respects.

## INDUSTRIAL PREPAREDNESS

Hon. Charles Nagel, formerly Secretary of Commerce, says: "National defense implies much more than dependance upon our arms. It means that we must also be able to depend upon our resources. Granted that the danger of foreign attack has been greatly magnified, in part, no doubt, from ignorance, and, in part, from a desire to create servicable alarm; nevertheless, the plan rests upon the entirely reasonable assumption that it is unsafe for our nation to count upon unlimited immunity from attack. Important as would be the domestic advantages to our people of a fully matured plan, the possible danger from without constitutes an essential ground for the inauguration of the scheme. If, therefore, the possibility of such an attack is honestly contemplated, our preparation must embrace more than a consideration of the army and navy's needs. There is no escape from a consistent answer to the urgent demand for our own merchant marine; and there is no question that the idea of essential self-dependence presents our time-worn tariff discussions in an entirely new aspect. To be consistent, the Democrats will have to modify their attitude upon both these national questions."

During the month of December the administration spent \$6,056,523 more than it took in. That was almost \$200,000 per day. Not nearly so bad as the record for some previous months, and, in fact, pretty good for a Democratic administration.

There is a widespread feeling that the scalps of a number of Mexican generals elevated on high poles would make the most attractive decoration that could possibly be erected along our southwestern boundary.

The fact that the politicians can fill any job without any experience of the work, convinces many of our thinkers that you can get a modern army without training any soldiers.

The war stocks that were bought by the guileless public on the assumption that the war would last forever, are now beginning to come down to their real value.

If gasoline keeps on soaring it will soon be so high we will be rid of the stink.

## HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging  
Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave  
Up in Despair. Husband  
Came to Rescue.

Cañon, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write for: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper.



Injustice trod close behind the footsteps of Irving Randolph, thus pilloried in the public gaze. Not only was his beloved mother shocked and grieved,



His Cane Was Caught by Irving.

ed by the scandal, but his friends began to "cut" him whenever they met him. Robert's attitude was maddening, and it required all of the elder brother's self control to avoid a violent break with him. Relying on Irving's regard for their mother, Robert showed that he was not afraid of any disclosure.

Worse than all, a too friendly and officious friend of Ethel Porter hastened to bring the tidings to her. At the first word Ethel put her fingers on the friend's lips and said:

"I can't believe it of Irving. He is true to me."

But the sight of the newspaper headlines and the sensational story convinced her that Irving had been false to her. That same evening he rode over to call upon her and was met with cold scorn. In vain he protested to her that he was innocent, but his loyalty to his brother prevented him from naming the real culprit.

Ethel, blinded by wounded pride, would not see, and the meeting of the two ended in the return of the engagement ring.

That night Irving sat long in his room with his beloved violin. Now high, now low, sounded the notes of the music played by a master hand, voicing the passion of anger justly roused or the quiet mood of despair. He breathed his very soul into his music.

Only one friend, John Kent, proved his faithfulness to Irving at this trying time. In his trust Irving found consolation. "Buck up, old man!" said Kent, a bluff, hearty Englishman, somewhat older than Irving. "They'll all know some day that Kelton had no cause to suspect you. And Ethel will be sorry she threw you over."

But the weeks passed, and Ethel did not relent, even when she met Irving at a gay house party on the Thames bank given by a mutual friend. Among the other invited guests were Irving and Robert Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Kelton and John Kent. The gay Mrs. Kelton was somewhat subdued after the scene in the restaurant, but she retained enough of her vivacity to smile at Robert when her husband's back was turned. Kelton did not see Bob, but turned his head just in time to catch Irving's eye and glare at that innocent young man.

Ethel's face showed traces of her mental suffering, but she would not listen to Irving when he tried to plead with her.

"You have betrayed my confidence," she said, "and I cannot trust you again."

"But, Ethel, I have sworn to you that you are mistaken; that I am innocent. You always believed in me in the past. What more can I say to you than I have said?"

"Mrs. Kelton was in the restaurant with some one other than her husband," said Ethel. "He found you there. If there was any other man, who was he?"

Again the loyalty to the family name checked Irving. "If you will not take my word that I am innocent it will be of no use for me to try to convince you," he said sadly and turned away to rejoin the party on the lawn. While Ethel sought forgetfulness in a comfortable armchair and a book.

Song and talk and merry chaff filled the pretty scene on the lawn. Robert, for all his faults, knew how to make himself agreeable and was the life of many a group. Irving, tall and athletic, thoughtful and somewhat re-

# STINGAREE

By E. W. HORNING, Author of "Raffles"

Prologue by Charles N. Lurie. Motion Pictures  
by Kalem Company

Read the Story and Then See the Pictures

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served, was hardly less popular. The courses of the brothers generally lay far apart, but they swung together in a far corner of the grounds, where a group of men were testing their skill at target shooting.

The range was long, and at the farther end was a small hill into which went the bullets which missed the target. In the shooting party were some good shots; both Irving and Robert were skilled with the rifle, but the former had devoted more time and attention to revolver shooting, and he had attained high proficiency with the shorter weapon.

Hit after hit evoked applause. The guests shot in turn, and as there were many desirous of trying their skill and as Robert and Irving were late in joining the shooting party, it was some time before their turn to shoot came. Robert flitted from group to group, exchanging comments on the merits of the marksmanship displayed.

Kelton was not numbered in the shooting party. His tastes did not lie in that direction; perhaps the monoclle which he affected and which was continually falling from his right eye affected his aim. Besides, he had occasion to keep not only both eyes, but also the monoclle on his vivacious consort. The little woman could not restrain her propensity toward flirtation. Her favorite subject, Robert Randolph, having escaped for the nonce from her wiles, she cast about for another victim.

But, unhappily, she chose a time when her husband was watching her, and her merry talk and glances did not escape him. As had been the case so many times in the past, her conduct led to a violent quarrel.

"First there was that Randolph fellow; now it's this chap. This will have to stop," he warned her, and for the thousandth time she denied any wrongdoing and quarreled with her husband. It ended, as it always did, in his leaving her and going for a walk to cool off his rage.

His way led him back of the rifle range. Oblivious to his surroundings, conscious only of his anger against his wife, Kelton walked on.

There was a little squabble in the group at the range, now reduced to Irving, Robert and Kent. Selfish and inconsiderate as ever, Robert insisted on shooting first, and thus it came about that it was Irving's turn just as Kelton appeared behind the head of the range. Through the shrubbery his form was dimly visible. It was hardly perceptible—one could barely see that something was there, without discerning the details. John Kent's quick eye caught it first. As Irving pulled the trigger Kent exclaimed:

"My God!"

But it was too late. Irving had fired, and the bullet sped past the target into the heart of James Kelton. He whirled about and fell, dying just as Kent and the brothers rushed to him.

"You've killed him, Irving!" said Kent.

Into the heart of Robert Randolph entered an evil, fratricidal purpose. Kelton killed—Irving accused of willful murder—convicted on the damning evidence of the quarrel in the restaurant—he himself, Robert, in possession of the family estates—

"Well, you've done it, Irving," he said.

"What do you mean, Bob? Do you mean to say that I shot him intentionally?"

"It looks that way. You did it deliberately, and I'll not lie to save your life!"

The words roused Irving from the half-trance in which he stood. With an oath he rushed at his brother, and before Kent could drag him off he had choked Robert half to death. In his rage he would have made himself really guilty of murder had not his friend by main strength dragged him off.

By this time the alarm had spread among the members of the gay house party. There were hurrying to and fro and talk in whispers and the dispatch of servants. Only a few minutes passed before the body of James Kelton was borne to the house, the hysterical widow was led away by friends, and the party broke up.

Throughout the horrors of those few minutes Kent stood steadfast at the side of Irving Randolph.

"You must get away from here quickly!" he said to the young man. "It looks bad for you. Come, we will go to the stables!"

Before the stableman knew of the tragedy he was summoned to saddle in haste the best horse he had for Irving. Kent saw to it all. He advised Irving where to go and what to do. He emptied his pockets of cash. He helped Irving to mount. He saw that the young man rode away like the wind. Before the officers of the law in the neighboring county seat knew of Kelton's death Irving Randolph was far on his way to the nearest seaport, to catch a steamer bound for Australia.

He stopped at a little town en route to change his clothing, sell the horse and make all the changes in his personal appearance his few precious hours permitted. He bought a monoclle and practiced many hours in the art of holding it in his eye, confident that its adoption would help in his disguise.

Fortune favored him. He reached port just in time to catch a steamer bound for the antipodes. Fortunately the vessel was not equipped with wireless, and she was out of reach before the alarm reached the seaport.

Irving Randolph, innocent of intentional wrongdoing, remembered with horror by his friends, all but the faithful Kent, and by Ethel Porter, the girl he loved, was bound for Australia. Back in England remained the sorrow-stricken mother and the faithless younger brother. To Bob was intrusted the care of the estate by Mrs. Randolph.

"You are all I have left now, Robert," she said to him. And with black deceit in his heart, Robert Randolph, knowing his fugitive brother to be innocent of the crime charged against him, lied to his mother, saying:

"I will take care of the property and of you, mother."

He meant to continue his evil course, now that Irving, formerly the chief obstacle in his path, was removed.

The bush country in the "back blocks" of Australia is desolate territory, fit for neither man nor beast. In its unexplored wildernesses are many places wherein a daring outlaw may hide and defy the law. All he needs is a speedy horse, a steady seat, a good eye for rifle or revolver, inexhaustible endurance and a determination not to be taken. Another thing is requisite, a faithful partner.

All of these things Irving Randolph acquired within a few months after landing in Sydney and proceeding to the interior of the island continent. He felt himself an outlaw, an Ishmael, with every man's hand raised against him, and he was embittered by the injustice of his exile and condemnation.

Newspapers told him of his conviction in the eyes of the public and the law. He could return to England only with a noose about his neck, and this added to the bitterness of the war with which he preyed on the interior settlements of Victoria and New South Wales.

Honest pursuits were not for him. He feared that he would be recognized, apprehended and dragged back to England.

Within a short time the exploits of "Stingaree," as he called himself, and his chum Howie, eclipsed the notoriety of Thunderbolt, Ned Kelly, Morgan and Ben Hall and the other "bush-rangers" or highwaymen famous in Australian history. Stingaree saved his chum Howie, the big, black bearded man, from the police, and thenceforward the rough, swearing, ruthless outlaw was his devoted follower.

The name and fame of Stingaree spread throughout Australia after his first holdup of a stagecoach. After relieving the travelers of their valuables and taking the mail bags for the



Stingaree's First Holdup.

sake of the newspapers which they contained Stingaree posted on a tree a notice, which read:

"THIS BEGINNETH STINGAREE, THE ENEMY OF MEN. TO COLLECT HIS DEBT FROM SOCIETY. WATCH FOR HIM. YOU WILL FEEL HIS STING AGAIN AND OFTEN."

No matter how hard pressed he was, Stingaree made it a cardinal point of his policy never to take human life. He impressed the same view on the ruthless Howie. He was a highwayman and robber, but he drew the line at killing, even in self defense.

Strange as it may seem, Stingaree, most daring and most hunted of outlaws, never forgot his music. His fortune sometimes rebuked him of his beloved violin, and he replaced it with a melodion, a phonograph or even a music box. But when the chase after him slackened and he could make a raid on a town shop for a violin or purchase one his evenings in camp with Howie saw him drawing again the sweet strains from the strings.

And at such times the soft melodies would call before the haunted outlaw the visions of happy old days in England with his sweetheart. Against the background of the Australian bush rose her sweet face, and then, and only then, except when he thought also of his mother, would Stingaree wish himself back in the old country.

See the first episode of this wonderful serial at the Washington Opera House tonight.

## The New York Store Clearing Up Sale

will be continued another month. All winter goods must go. While we are not able to buy them next season for what we are selling them now, but we are compelled to clean up as we need the room.

Blankets, Comforts, Coats, Underwear, Skirts, Sweaters, Suits and Shoes. Everything sold for less than you can buy them elsewhere. Don't fail to visit the New York Store.

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